

WRITTEN FOR
and dedicated to

Miss Emma C. Thrusby.

THE

Beating of my own Heart.

BALLAD

by

HOMER N. BARTLETT

Composer of

"TEARS" "WHO KNOWS" "EL DORADO POLKA DE CONCERT" &c. &c.

Op. 43.

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To Miss Emma C. Thursby.

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THE BEATING OF MY OWN HEART.

Words by
R. MONCKTON MILNES.

Music by
HOMER N. BARTLETT, Op. 43.

Andante espressivo.

A musical score for voice and piano. The score consists of four systems of music. System 1: Treble and bass staves. The treble staff has a dynamic marking 'marcato il Canto.' The bass staff has a dynamic marking 'p'. System 2: Treble and bass staves. The treble staff has a dynamic marking 'f'. The bass staff has dynamic markings 'trem.' and 'trem.'. System 3: Treble and bass staves. The treble staff has a dynamic marking 'p'. The bass staff has a dynamic marking 'f'. System 4: Treble and bass staves. The treble staff has a dynamic marking 'f'. The bass staff has a dynamic marking 'p'. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line: 'I wan-der'd by the brook - side, I wan-der'd by the mill; I could not hear the brook flow.. The nois - y wheel was still..... There'

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was no burr of grass-hopper, No chirp of a ny bird, But the beat-ing of my
own heart was all the sound I heard; But the beat-ing of my
own heart was all the sound I heard. The
beat-ing of my own heart, The beat-ing of my

own heart, The beat-ing of my own heart Was all the sound I heard.

rall.

I sat be-neath the elm tree, I

rit.

p più animato.

rall.

watch'd the long, long shade, And as it grew still lon - ger, I

did not feel a - fraid; For I lis-ten'd for a foot-fall, I lis-ten'd for a

word, But the beating of my own heart Was all the sound I heard; For I
sotto voce.

cres.

listen'd for a foot - fall, I lis-ten'd for a word, But the beating of my
un poco agitato. cres.

lento.

own heart was all the sound I heard.

lento. *con express.* *a tempo.*

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He came not, no, he

rall. pp

came not,- The night came on a - lone, The lit - tle stars sat

cres. f p

one by one, Each on his gold - en throne; The eve - ning wind pass'd

rall. p murmurando.

by my cheek, The leaves a-bove were stirred, The

8.

eve - ning wind pass'd by my cheek, The leaves a-bore were
 8.
 Ra.
 stirred,
 8.
 mf Ra. echo, pp Ra.
 lmf Ra.
 But the beat-ing of my own heart Was all the sound I
poco a poco cres.
 echo, pp Ra.
 heard, But the beat-ing of my own heart Was all the sound I heard.
 lento.
 a tempo Ra.



Fast si-lent tears were flow-ing, When something stood be-hind, A

rit. dim. pp

hand was on my shoul-der, I knew its touch was kind..... It

drew me near and near - er, We did not speak one word, For the

agitato.

cres. stretto. rall.

beat - ing of our own hearts was all the sound we heard.